

CUPID'S GAME

BY F. J. BROWN



W. M. YOUNG

THIEBES STIERLIN MUSIC CO.
5 SAINT LOUIS

CUPIDS GAME.

Words and Music by
FLETA JAN BROWN

Moderato.

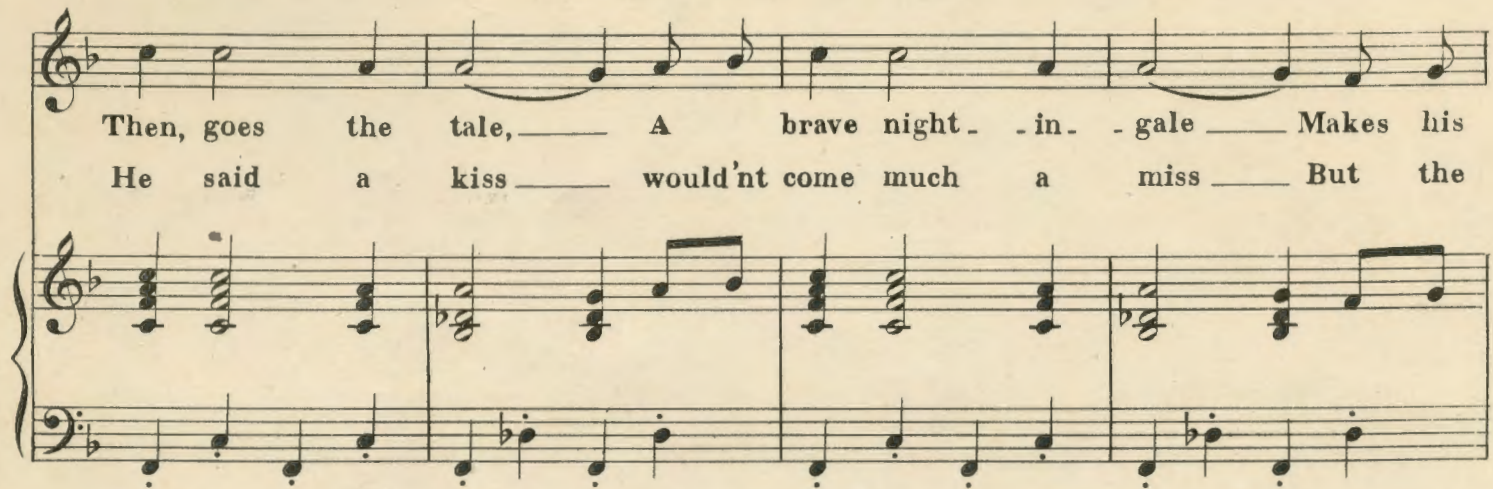
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2. A - -

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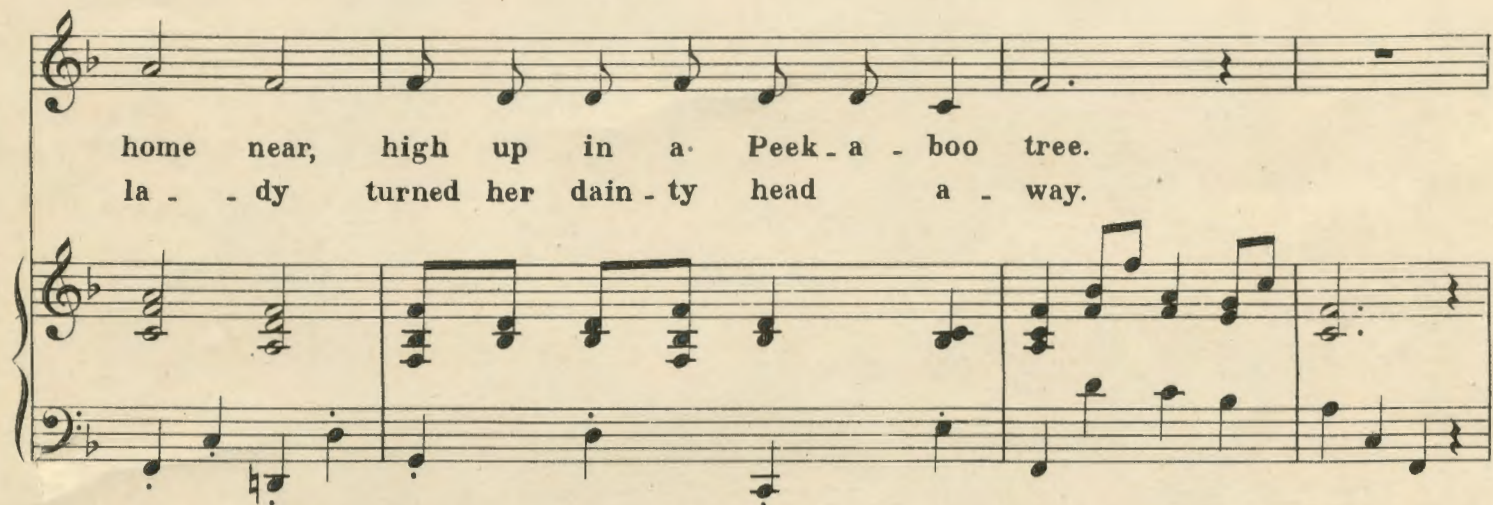
gar - den of Cu - pid, Where time's nev - er stu - pid, Dwells a
long where 'twas sha - dy, Sat a knight and a la - dy, And they

L H

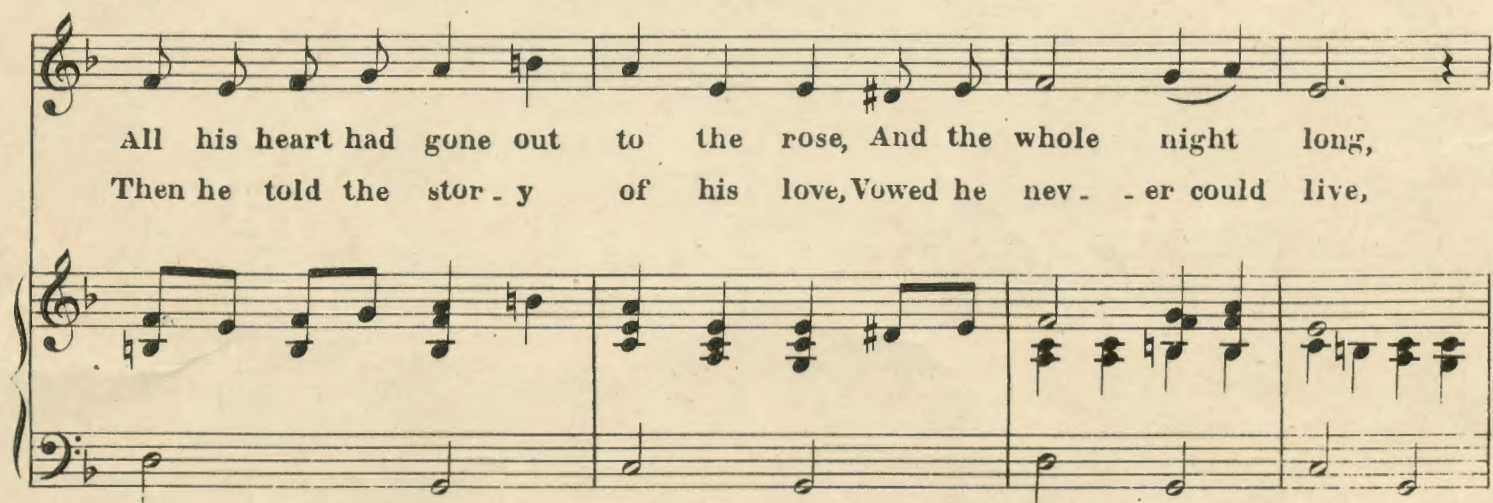
rose who laughs and flirts un - blush - ing - ly
list - ened to the song bird's plain - tive lay



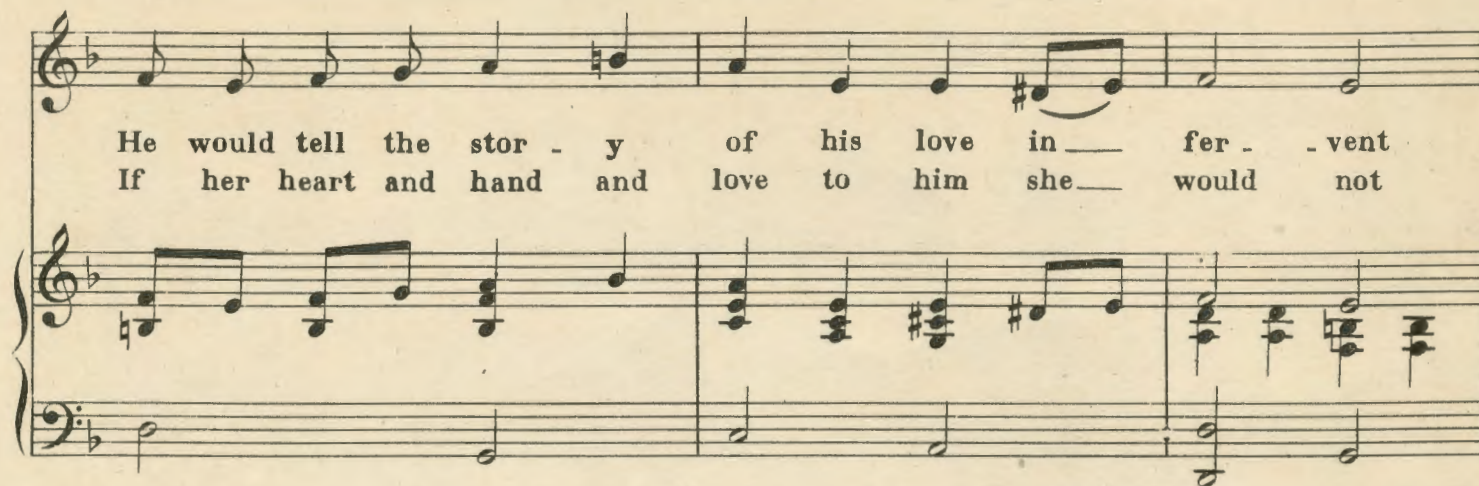
Then, goes the tale, — A brave night — in — gale — Makes his
He said a kiss — would'nt come much a miss — But the



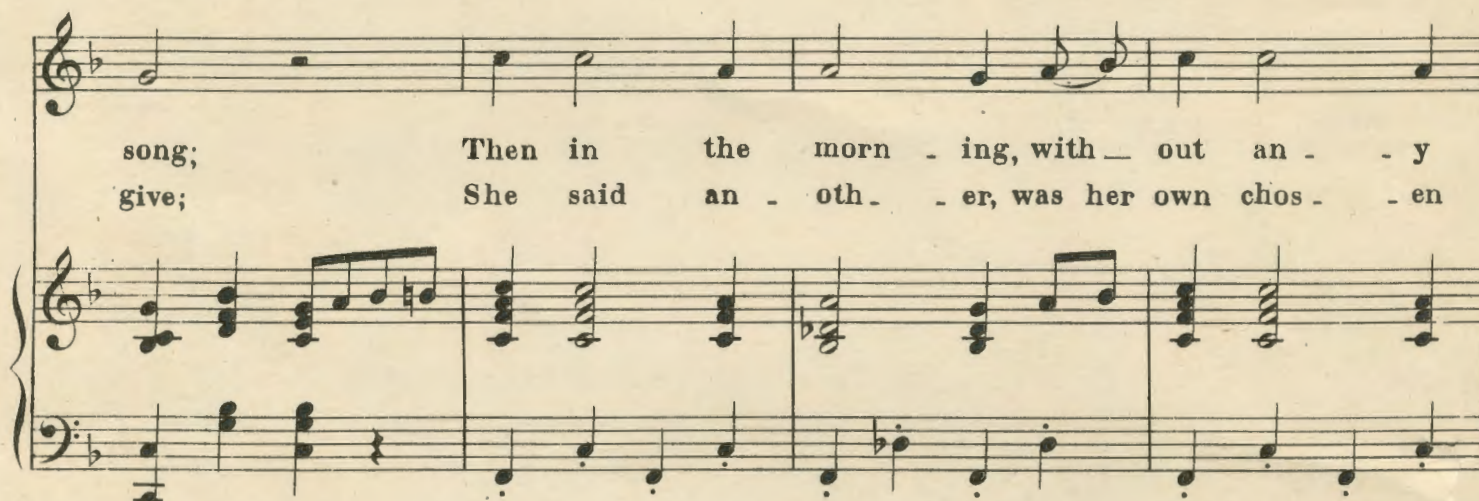
home near, high up in a Peek - a - boo tree.
la - dy turned her dain - ty head a - way.



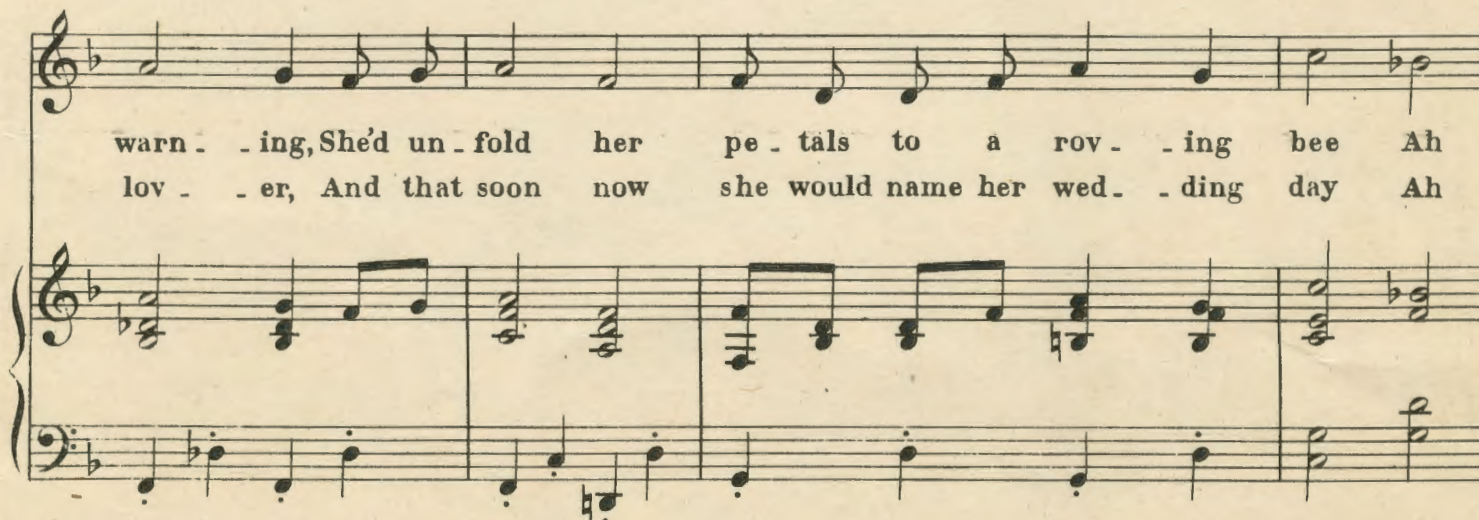
All his heart had gone out to the rose, And the whole night long,
Then he told the stor - y of his love, Vowed he nev - er could live,



He would tell the stor - y of his love in — fer - vent
If her heart and hand and love to him she — would not



song; Then in the morn - ing, with — out an - y
give; She said an - oth - er, was her own chos - en



warn - ing, She'd un - fold her pe - tals to a rov - ing bee Ah
lov - er, And that soon now she would name her wed - ding day Ah

CHORUS.

sad but true For there is al - ways trou - ble, In this lit - tle game of

love. For it ne'er runs smoothe And tis hard to soothe, And

if you're jeal - ous, That will on - ly go to prove, Why there's

so much trou - ble In this lit - tle game of love.

Sample Bits of Our Latest Hits.

MOONING

Words and Music
by FLETA JAN BROWN.

CHORUS

CHORUS

If we'd go a moon ing, There to do our spoon-ing,

No one else would be al-lowed and there would nev-er be a crowd, a-

lone with you, Just we two;

Can't you 'see now how it would be, be.

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LONGING.

FLETA JAN BROWN
and
ISIDOR HEIDENREICH.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Long-ing, Long-ing, Long-ing all the while dear, long-ing for your smile dear,

Hop-ing, wish-ing, That you'd soon re-turn dear, and my love not spurn, Cause I've been

Long-ing, Wait-ing, Just to hear your voice dear how we would re-joice dear, If you'd

on-ly come back to your own true love.

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EVERY ONE IS IN SLUMBERLAND,

----- BUT -----
YOU AND ME.

Words by ADDISON YOUNGS. Music by GEO. MOORE

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Ev-'ry-one is in slum-ber-land but you and me

Ma-king love in the moon-light Hap-py as can

be To kiss you I am try-ing

No body is as-sing Ev-'ry one is in slum-ber

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Jealous

Words & Music by F. J. BROWN

Chorus

Chorus

Jeal-ous, Dat am de word, Jeal-ous

You all have heard, dat im jeal-ous of his eyes, an' his

nose an' his clothes; an' im en-vi-ous of all de pla-ces

dat man goes. I'm Jeal-ous, How my heart pelts.

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